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HIDE AND SEEK

2019

(ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY SECOND YEAR)

**A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY
OF QUOTATIONS
FOR COMPETITION**

**COMPILED BY
KENNETH THORNTON**

PRICE - £3.00

RULES

1. The answers, with full references, must be sent in by **1st November 2019**. The envelope should be addressed to:
Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned with the answer sheet.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.
7. Although humble prizes (£30, £20 and £10) are awarded to those who come first, second and third, all who participate in the competition receive a much more valuable prize – the prize of the pleasure of seeking and finding!

JANUARY

I

The haughty Nobles of Seville
Could make no use of Orange Peel
Until the Merchants of Dundee
Came sailing thither oversea,
And, steering up the noble river
Called, in their tongue, the Guadalquivir,
Took back the skins with them and made
The mixture known as Marmalade,

II

After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,

III

Yorkshire people, in those days, took their tea round the table; sitting well into it,
with their knees duly introduced under the mahogany. It was essential to have a
multitude of plates of bread and butter, varied in sorts and plentiful in quantity: it was thought
proper, too, that on the centre-plate should stand a glass dish of marmalade;

IV

Several bottles of Worcester Sauce and a half-full jar of marmalade lived
permanently on the table. It was usual to souse everything, even a piece of
cheese, with Worcester Sauce; but I never saw anyone brave the marmalade
jar, which was an unspeakable mass of stickiness and dust.

V

The tea and coffee are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey,
conserves, and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wish, in quest
of sensual gratifications, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in
Scotland.

VI

"But marmalade is tasty, if
It's very
Thickly
Spread."

FEBRUARY

I

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,

The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

II

Little Blue Blue flew to the land of denim,
bought himself jeans and a denim jacket and a denim cap,
what blue, what blue, he cried, and tried his jeans
with his mohair dinner-jacket, tried his mohair trousers
with his denim bomber jacket, tried his denim cap
with his saxe-blue belt and his dove-blue boots and a
navy-blue Adidas bag and nothing else

III

let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of this flower
down the darker and darker stairs, where blue is darkened on blueness

IV

They said, "You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are."

The man replied, "Things as they are
Are changed upon the blue guitar."

V

With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
O Blues!

VI

The blue shawl first, a canopy of blue,
blue sky, blue ceiling, the bewildering light
that comes and goes, and in it formless forms
and then the form of forms the shape of shapes
the darkness with the face, the face with eyes,
the face with stars ...

MARCH

I

I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn.

II

She heard a faint frostbitten
Peck on the pane
And went to the window
To listen again.
There sat a cock-sparrow
Bedraggled and weak,
With half-opened eyelid
And ice on his beak.
She threw up the sash
And she took the bird in,
And mumbled and fumbled it
Under her chin.

III

When the sparrow flies to the delicate branch
He seems to be a heavy one alighting there,
It is March, and the fine twigs dance
As the boisterous sparrow plunges masterfully.

IV

And then, one morning – I do not record a
matter of cosmic proportions, I assure you,
not an event to flutter the Volscian dovescotes —
there, askew among those constructed images
like a lost soul electing to die in Rome,
its feverish eye transfixed, both wings fractured,
lay – I assure you, Catullus – a young sparrow.

V

It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in
smoky trees, as though they called to one another, "Let us play at country,"
and where a few feet of garden-mould and a few yards of gravel
enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings.

VI

But my sparrow did pass
All sparrows of the wood
That were since Noe's flood,

APRIL

I

when Icarus fell
it was spring

a farmer was ploughing
his field
the whole pageantry

of the year was
awake tingling

II

In Brueghel's *Icarus*, for instance : how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure,

III

"I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ships, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
Or else I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece.
O Anna, fetch Arion's harp,
That I may tice a dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love!"

IV

Too late. The worst had happened : lost to man
The angel, Icarus, for ever failed,
Fallen with melted wings when, near the sun
He scorned the ordering planet, which prevailed
And, jeering, now slinks off, to rise once more.

V

Ne eke the wrechche Dedalus,
Ne his child, nyce Ykarus,
That fleigh so highe that the hete
Hys wynges melt, and he fel wete
In myd the see, and ther he dreynte,
For whom was maked moch compleynthe.

VI

But star-chaser, big-time going, chancer Icarus
Like a dog on the sea lay and the girls forgot him,
And Daedalus, too busy hammering another job,
Remembered him only in pubs. No bugler at all
Sobbed taps for the young fool then, reported missing,
Presumed drowned,

MAY

I

In that red house in a red mahogany book-case
The stamp collection waits with mounts long dry.

II

He was old! He was vile and no stranger to vice!
He was base! He was bad! He was mean!
He had slyly inveigled her up to his flat
To see his collection of stamps,

III

Here's a letter for you with stamped and addressed envelope enclosed,
all the way from Builth Wells. A gentleman wants to study birds
and can he have accommodation for two weeks and a bath vegetarian.

IV

There. We are settled.
The customs officials will speak English, we hope,
And leave us our bourbon and cigarettes.
Ports are necessities, like postage stamps, or soap,

V

I swear to you, it was just my way
of cheering myself up, as I licked
the stamped, self-addressed envelopes,
the game I had of trying to guess
which one of you, this time,
had poisoned his glue. I did care.
I did read each poem entire.
I did say what I thought
In the mildest words I knew.

VI

The latter years also brought stamp-collectors Alfred de
Musset, who had succeeded Flaubert in Louise Colet's bed, but now
preceded him by one year on to the public envelope.

JUNE

I

Philip Hewson's a poet,
Hewson a radical hot, hating lords and scornng ladies,

II

Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.

III

Willie Murray cut his thumb, couldn't count the damage,

IV

Patrick Maguire, he called his dog and he flung a stone in the air

V

Miss Bourne stood still and I stood still,
And "Tick. Slow. Tick. Slow" went the clock.

VI

Ann Fenn, most English, modest, straight and true
a very pretty girl without a sou.

JULY

I

Shall I build a tower, boys, knowing it will rend
Crack upon the hour, boys, waiting for the end?

II

Now the watch-towers, which had fallen into decay, were repaired,
and filled with arms, and garrisoned with ceaseless vigilance. Stony-faced
they were, with dark window-holes staring north and east and west
The two — gazed at the towers and the wall in despair.

III

There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

IV

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world.

V

The stone town stumbles downhill to untidy mudflats —
high square houses shivering in windows, the street of shops,
the church and clocktower, school, the four worn pubs
artfully spaced between dry rows of cottages.

VI

The hazy green of the olives rose up to its walls, and it seemed to float
in isolation between trees and sky, like some fantastic ship city of a dream.
Its colour was brown, and it revealed not a single house — nothing but
the narrow circle of the walls, and behind them seventeen towers —

AUGUST

I

To *walk* is by a Thought to go;
To mov in Spirit to and fro;
To mind the Good we see;
To taste the Sweet;
Observing all the things we meet
How choice and rich they be.

II

[*August 25th*,] *Monday*. A fine day — walked in the wood
in the morning and to the firgrove — walked up to Mr. Simpson's in the
evening.

III

— "Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were
dispos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome,
I would have sought a Walk with you.
"A Walk? What then?
"Nay nothing — Only for the Walk's sake, that's all —
"I nauseate Walking; 'tis a Country Diversion, I loathe the
Country and every thing that relates to it."

IV

'A *pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,*
Along the briny beach:

V

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.

VI

Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the
high aesthetic band,
"If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your
mediaeval hand.

SEPTEMBER

I

first a seedling hid in grass,
Then twig, then sapling, and, as century roll'd
Slow after century, a giant bulk
Of girth enormous,

II

It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.

III

... but now, in vain does the busie Art of Man pretend to Vye with
Nature, by tying that wither'd Bundle of Twigs to its sapless Trunk; 'tis now
at best but the Reverse of what it was, a Tree turn'd upside down,

IV

I was the first to see him, for I grew
out on the pasture slope, beyond the forest.
He was a man, it seemed: the two
moving stems, the short trunk, the two
arm-branches, flexible, each with five leafless
twigs at their ends,

V

Hills jump with brooks:
trees tumble out of twigs and sticks;

VI

But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there
without its friend near, for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and
twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,

OCTOBER

I

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

II

Goliath came with sword and spear,
But David with a sling;
And though the giant rage and swear,
Down David doth him bring.

III

The *Giant* therefore drove them before him, and put them into his
Castle, into a very dark Dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirit of
these two men: Here then they lay, from *Wednesday* morning till *Saturday*
night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or any light, or any
to ask how they did.

IV

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

V

They will outlast the elms.
Our eyes, like the eyes of a savage sieving the trees
In his search for game,
Run through them. They blend along small-town streets
Like a race of giants that have faded into mere mythology.

VI

Giants have trampled earth and asked no pardon —
Well, nor did I. He took our family's gold.
I stole it back and saw the giant die.
(Four days to bury him.) Now I've grown old,
but still the giants trample in the sky.

NOVEMBER

I

The reticent volcano keeps
His never slumbering plan —
Confided are his projects pink
To no precarious man.

II

Though we were flying not directly over it (I presumed because of the hot currents which it siphoned off), we were not too far to the side to avoid looking down into the charred crater — a black pit in the recesses of which something obscure boiled and bubbled. Then, as the range spread out a little I saw that it was not simply one crater but a whole network of volcanoes of which Etna was the most considerable in size and beauty.

III

We had soared beneath these mountains
Unresting ages; nor had thunder,
Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,
Nor any power above as under
Ever made us mute with wonder.

IV

On the edge of the night — horizon
from this beach house on the cliffs
there are now, till dawn,
two glares from the miles-out-
at-sea derricks; they are like
the glow of the cigar
and the glow of the volcano
At *Victory's* end.

V

The most dashing orator I ever heard is the flattest writer I ever read. In speaking, he was like a volcano vomiting out *lava*; in writing he is like a volcano burnt out. Nothing but the dry cinders, the hard shell remains.

VI

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years.

Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fallen away.
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day.

DECEMBER

I

December stillness, crossed by twilight roads,
Teach me to travel far and bear my loads.

II

The rapid nightfall of mid-December had quite beset the little village as they approached it on soft feet over a first thin fall of powdery snow. Little was visible but squares of a dusky orange-red on either side of the street, where the firelight or lamplight of each cottage overflowed through the casements into the dark world without.

III

They came over the snow to the bread's purer snow, fumbled it in their huge hands, put their lips to it like beasts, stared into the dark chalice where the wine shone, felt it sharp on their tongue, shivered as at a sin remembered, and heard love cry momentarily in their hearts' manger.

They rose and went back to their poor holdings, naked in the bleak light of December.

IV

On the eaves
A robin sings, with berry eyes
And breast redder than the dead leaves
Dangling his notes like beads,
A luminous, tinkling string.
A robin sings in the evening,
Under smoky December skies —
And so would I sing.

V

December 2nd

I slept last night
under a bird's shadow
dreaming of nuthatches at the feeder,
jailed to its spine, jailed right
down to the toes, waiting for slow
death in the hateful December snow.

VI

And, in December, a midwinter stillness,
Promise of new life, incarnation.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2018

JANUARY 'NEW YEAR'

- I Charles Lamb, The Essays of Elia, New Year's Eve, vol.1
- II Charles Cotton, The New Year, *ll.* 15-22
- III Alfred, Lord Tennyson, The May Queen, New Year's Eve, Sta.2, *ll.* 5-8
- IV W. H. Auden, A New Year Greeting, Sta.1, *ll.* 1-8
- V Robert Burns, The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation ... *ll.* 1-6
- VI Robert Herrick, The New-Yeeres Gift, *ll.* 1-6

FEBRUARY 'HANDS'

- I Rupert Brooke, Sonnet Reversed, *ll.* 1,2
- II Emily Brontë, Wuthering Heights, Chapt. 3
- III Thomas Hood, To a False Friend, *ll.* 3-8
- IV Dom Moraes, Gardener, *ll.* 8-13
- V R. S. Thomas, The Hand, *ll.* 4-10
- VI William Blake, The Tyger, Sta. 2, *ll.* 5-8

MARCH 'SPOT THE ISLANDS'

- I Norman Nicholson, Carol for Holy Innocents' Day, Sta. 1 *ll.* 1-4 (HOLY ISLAND)
- II Sir Walter Scott, The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto 1, 1, *ll.* 3-7 (ISLE OF WIGHT)
- III A.E. Housman, A Shropshire Lad, LXII, *ll.* 33-36 (ISLE OF MUCK)
- IV Martin Seymour-Smith, What Schoolmasters Say, Sta. 3 *ll.* 20-24 (ISLE OF MAY)
- V John Aubrey, Brief Lives, John Milton (FAIR ISLE)
- VI Dylan Thomas, This Bread I Break, Sta.3, *ll.* 6-10 (ISLE OF MAN)

APRIL 'WIND'

- I Muriel Spark, The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, Chapt. 3
- II Philip Larkin, Wedding-Wind, *ll.* 14-19
- III e.e. cummings, [One Times One] XX, Sta. 2, *ll.* 9-12
- IV Christina Rossetti, Hollow-Sounding and Mysterious, *ll.* 1-14
- V Siegfried Sassoon, The Heart's Journey XV1, *ll.* 1-5
- VI Lord Byron, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto 2, LXX, *ll.* 3-6

MAY 'GONDOLAS'

- I David Gascoyne, Three Venetian Nocturnes, I. Barcarolle, *ll.* 11-13
- II L.P. Hartley, Eustace and Hilda, Part 1, Chapt. 1, Lady Nelly Expects a Vision
- III Robert Browning, In a Gondola, *ll.* 209-212
- IV Percy Bysshe Shelley, Julian and Maddalo, *ll.* 60-67
- V Henry James, The Aspern Papers, Chapt. 6
- VI Arthur Hugh Clough, Dipsychus, Scene 4, In a Gondola, *ll.* 244,245

JUNE 'HIPPOPOTAMI'

- I Lewis Carroll, Sylvie and Bruno, Chapt. 7, The Baron's Embassy
- II Stevie Smith, The Jungle Husband, *ll.* 1-4
- III Marianne Moore, The Jerboa. Too Much, Sta. 4, *ll.* 19-22
- IV Edith Sitwell, Sir Beelzebub, *ll.* 7-10
- V Oscar Wilde, The Sphinx, Sta. 25, *ll.* 49,50
- VI Roger McGough, The Hippopotamusman, *ll.* 1-4

JULY 'ECHOES'

- I Gilbert White, The Natural History of Selborne, Letter XXXVIII
- II H.W. Longfellow, Evangeline, Part the Second, 2, *ll.* 56-59
- III E.M. Forster, A Passage to India, Chapt. 14, Caves
- IV Thomas Moore, Echo, Sta. 2, *ll.* 6-10
- V Ben Jonson, The Underwood, LXXIX, A New-Yeares-Gift Sung to King Charles 1635, *ll.* 32-35
- VI Adelaide Anne Proctor, A Lost Chord, Sta. 4, *ll.* 13-16

AUGUST 'KEYS'

- I Frances Hodgson Burnett, The Secret Garden, Chapt. 7, The Key of the Garden
- II Thomas Tusser, Five Hundred pointes of Good Husbandrie, 1585, More Diversions
- III Emily Dickinson, 470, Sta. 6, *ll.* 21-26
- IV Robert Frost, The Hill Wife, 2 House Fear, *ll.* 2-7
- V T. S. Eliot, The Waste Land, 1922, V. What the Thunder Said, *ll.* 411-414
- VI Charlotte Mew, The Pedlar, Sta. 1, *ll.* 1-4

SEPTEMBER 'CABBAGES'

- I E.C. Bentley (+Maurice Solomon), Clerihew, ll. 1-4
- II James Joyce, Ulysses, p158 in Bodley Head edition of 1952
- III Edward Lear, The New Vestments, ll. 15,16
- IV Ruth Pitter, Cider in the Potting-shed, Sta.1, ll. 1-8
- V Alexander Pope, The Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated, ll. 55-60
- VI Elizabeth Bishop, The Moose, Sta. 8, ll. 43-48

OCTOBER 'TAPESTRIES'

- I Samuel Pepys, Diary, Sept. 29, 1667
- II Howard Nemerov, The Tapestry, Sta. 2, ll. 7-12
- III Hart Crane, Carmen de Boheme, Sta. 6, ll. 21-24
- IV John Milton, A Mask (Comus), ll. 321-325
- V Richard Wilbur, Year's End, Sta. 5, ll. 25-28
- VI George Herbert, The Church-porch, Sta. 45, ll. 265-270

NOVEMBER 'EXTRAORDINARY'

- I William Shakespeare, As you Like it, Act 1, Scene 2, ll. 3,4
- II John Wolcot (Peter Pindar), The Apple-dumpling and a King, Sta. 4, ll. 21-26
- III Samuel Johnson, in Boswell's Life of Johnson, Sat. 15th May 1784
- IV Edwin Morgan, A Snib for the Nones, Sta. 2, ll. 8-12
- V Robinson Jeffers, Carmel Point, ll. 1-4
- VI Norman MacCaig, An Ordinary Day, from Stanzas 6 to 8, ll. 18-23

DECEMBER 'CREATURES' CHRISTMAS'

- I Charles Causley, The Animals' Carol, Stanzas 4,5, ll. 7-10
- II Thomas Hardy, The Oxen, Sta. 2, ll. 5-8
- III Walter De La Mare, Christmas Eve, Sta. 2, ll. 9-16
- IV Leslie Norris, Camels of the Kings, ll. 27-35
- V U.A. Fanthorpe, Cat in the Manger, ll. 4-7
- VI John Heath-Stubbis, Bird Carol, ll. 8-14

MARKS LIST 2018

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. A. E. Sheehan-Hunt 745

SECOND PRIZE

Alan Hollinghurst 705

THIRD PRIZE

Ian Patterson 655

Anne Polhill + Mary Bristow..... 650

Mrs. C. Pearce 645

Bill Kyle 640

June Walker 640

Steve Osborn 590

Hilary Adams + Mal Wadge 565

Peter Scupham + John Mole 475

Florence Yarwood 425

Tom Durham 415

Gillian Carter 400

Meryl Foster 280

NOTES



This was a 'fat' year! Many of you put on weight, so to speak, with scores higher than usual. It helped, of course, that you could earn up to 30 bonus points by correctly identifying the islands hidden in the March quotations. A few of you forgot that I wanted that, and so deprived yourselves of the extra points; there will be a pause now to allow you time for kicking yourselves! Some 'unexpected' islands appeared in your answers; they may be islands with buried treasure on them, but your cleverness didn't earn you treasure in the form of extra points I'm afraid. This editor was sticking with 'holy', 'wight', 'muck', 'may', 'fair' and 'man', and nothing would budge him!



It may have been an easier competition too. Although the word 'difficult' was to be found in your comments, you seemed generally pleased with H+S 2018. I got the impression that most of you were smiling when you sent in your entries. I was certainly spared being likened to Torquemada this year, which was a huge relief!



A few reflections on this year:

- (1) wasn't I generous in giving you the Cotton in the Lamb! (Jan. I and II)
- (2) wasn't Rabbie's title just as much fun as his poem! (Jan. V)
- (3) isn't there something haunting about e.e.cummings' arrangement of words (Apr. III)
- (4) isn't it interesting that when words are set to music it becomes almost impossible to separate them in one's mind ('A Lost Chord', July VI)
- (5) you expressed a special love for Gilbert White (July 1) and for Charles Causley (Dec. I)
- (6) but I'm a 'paid up' member of the fan clubs of Charlotte Mew (Aug. VI) and John Heath-Stubbs (Dec. VI)
- (7) it's still Nov. VI that I love most of this year's quotations; if I'm allowed a spot of trumpet-blowing, I'll confess that I'm feeling proud of having put together November's page of 'extraordinary' quotations!



2019 may prove to be a leaner year for you. I feel that it has turned out to be harder. You see, I don't ever INTEND to be cruel to you! It's just how the themes and quotations come together. But I'm sure that, as ever, you will rise to the challenge and will end up thanking me for not making the competition too easy! A couple of notes about themes:

- I'm calling the June theme 'Poetic People'. Can you find the poems in which Philip, Belinda, Willie, Patrick, Miss B. and Ann have starring roles?
- The September page is a sort of personal memorial; a friend whose surname was Twigg (and who was, appropriately, very involved with trees, nature and the environment!) died of cancer in 2017. The September twigs are in memory of Alan.



The future of H+S must remain uncertain. I had thought that I might have to make this 2019 edition my last due to an ongoing and worsening problem with my eyesight. But I don't like giving up and so have decided to persevere and try to reach my goal of serving 10 years as editor, and bowing out with the special 125th edition in 2022. So you may have to put up with old Torquemada for another 3 years! Does anyone feel moved, even ever so slightly, to take on the mantle? Is it going to be possible to help H+S to live and grow beyond 2022? I am, at present, investigating the possibility of advertising H+S (perhaps in co-operation with Nemo) through a well-known literary quarterly with a print run of over seven thousand copies. Who knows if anything will come of it. As one of you said, it's not hard to interest people in H+S (and Nemo); what's hard is getting them to commit themselves to working at the seeking! But be assured I am still trying (as is Ian Patterson with Nemo) to keep H+S alive in these difficult days.



Can I get you thinking about ways in which the 125th edition might be made special? Let me know of any ideas which you have. I would like the whole of the H+S 'family' to feel that they owned that issue of the Competition. You may have been thinking for years, "I love such and such a poem or piece of prose, but those pesky editors have never quoted from it." So I'm wondering if everyone would like to submit a quotation for that year (which I shall be preparing in the Spring of 2021). Obviously, you would need to send me 2 or 3 to allow me discretion in my choice and to avoid duplication etc. It would mean that even those not brave enough to attempt a guest page could still make a contribution to the anniversary edition. I'm just floating the idea; there's lots of time for thinking and responding.

No more daydreaming! You've only got eleven months, and there are 72 quotations waiting to be found! So, get to work !!!

_____ + _____



PS. As editor, I have the privilege of corresponding with all of you, and I enjoy and value that greatly. One of you has mentioned that she has only once met, by chance, in a London library, someone who was working on H+S. I often write of the H+S 'family' – but there's really little or no opportunity for any of you to become acquainted with any other members of the 'family'. Would some of you like to have penpals, or, dare I say it, e-mail pals amongst your fellow seekers? Obviously, it would be wrong of me to divulge addresses without permission to do so. But this is to let you know that I would be happy to circulate a list of addresses amongst those who tell me that they would want that. Ideas could be shared about that very difficult April IV or October III. Grumbles could be shared about the cruelty of the editor in choosing such obscure quotations! And most important of all, loneliness could be eased and new friendships could develop. It's up to you!



Dear T. B.,

Glasgow 30.11.18.

Sorry that our letters crossed!

Many thanks for yours, and the generous contribution to H.S. funds.

Please find enclosed the 4 copies ordered. I hope that they will provide good measure of both pleasure and challenge in your seeking throughout the coming year.

All best wishes.

Yours, Kenneth

138, Raeberry Street
Glasgow G20 6EA

22.11.18

Dear J. B.

It's that time of year again!

The 2019 edition of 'Hide and Seek' will be 'hot off the press' a week today. Please let me know if you would like a copy or multiple copies. The price remains at £3 per copy — four copies for £10. Great value for 12 new themes and 72 new quotations to exercise the grey matter !!

All best wishes.

Kenneth



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